

VERMONT NEWS

Tercentenary Program.

The Vermont and New York tercentenary commissions have assigned the following dates for the celebration: Sunday, July 4, general church observances. At Burlington an amphitheatre will be erected at Battery Park where will be held under direction of the Catholic church with famous ecclesiastical present.

Monday, celebration at Crown Point, N. Y., an address and poem. The presentation of a pageant, depicting the discovery of Lake Champlain followed by the fight of Champlain and the Algonquin Indians with the Iroquois. Descendants of the Algonquin and Iroquois, secured in Upper Canada, will appear in this pageant.

Following these pageants there will be a presentation of the Indian drama of Hiawatha in which 150 specially drilled Indians will take part. The drama and the pageants will be given on the water on a specially constructed stage 300 feet long by 100 feet wide equipped with scenic effects and electric lights. This stage will be constructed so it may be moved from point to point about the lake. There will be two performances, one at 2:30 p. m., and the other at 8 p. m.

Tuesday at Ticonderoga the Crown Point program will be repeated. The Bell family, who own the site of the old fort at Ticonderoga, have begun the restoration of the barracks and buildings, which mean the expenditure of a large sum of money. To this point the New York legislature will be brought by special train on Tuesday morning. Governors Hughes and Pruett will be present.

Wednesday at Plattsburg the water pageants will be repeated. The presidential party will arrive during the day and there will be a banquet in the evening. The celebration there will be continued through the week.

Thursday at Burlington the troops at Fort Ethan Allen and the Vermont National Guard will act as escort to the president. A banquet will be served. One feature of the week will be known as "French Day," when the French societies of New England and Canada are expected to participate in a mammoth parade.

St. Albans has planned a day's celebration for July 5 and Swanton for July 3. May 7 will be proclaimed Champlain Arbor Day by Gov. Prouty and each school will be asked to set out a "Champlain tree."

Friday, July 9, at Isle La Motte there will be patriotic exercises by the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of 1812. A great boulder will be unveiled to the memory of Col. Seth Warner and Col. Remember Baker.

The plans for a permanent memorial are still under consideration. One plan is for Vermont and New York to unite with the United States Government and erect a combination lighthouse and museum annex, with a bronze statue of Champlain and suitable tablets. Which ever plan is adopted more funds will be needed. The Vermont commission invites all former sons and daughters of Vermont, all former residents of the Champlain Valley, as well as all persons who desire to take part in this undertaking, to contribute to this worthy purpose. Frank L. Fish of Vergennes is treasurer and L. M. Hays of Burlington secretary of the commission.

Vermonters in Boston.
Thanks to sweet cider and fried hasty pudding with maple syrup, there was an unmistakable Vermont flavor to the dinner served Thursday evening at the 29th annual reunion of the Vermont association of Boston at the Vendome, more than 150 members and guests participating. Previous to the dinner a most formal reception took place in the parlors. There were in the receiving party: President and Mrs. Isaiah R. Clark, Past Pres. and Mrs. Albert Clarke, Vice Pres. William Craig and Charles K. Darling, with their wives; Chaplain G. A. Crawford, U. S. N., retired; Gen. Philip H. Kende, U. S. N., retired; and Mrs. Reide; Edwin D. Sibley, Hon. William M. Olin, secretary of the commonwealth, and Mrs. Perry; Col. and Mrs. Melvin O. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. George M. Diamond. At a brief business meeting the existing board of officers was reelected.

"The Green Mountain Song," written more than 60 years ago by Mary Cutts and sung to the familiar air of "Fair Harvard" by the assembled company, was a feature of the occasion. Later, between the courses, a number of selections were rendered by a remarkably fine glee club just for the evening, by Col. Benton assembling some of the best soloists and quartet singers in Boston, who are natives of Vermont. They were George J. Parker, Robert McKenzie, Dr. E. H. Page, Joseph Vieux, Arthur Munn, Jay R. Benton, George Rembe, L. A. Whitney, D. M. Babcock and Thomas Shacht. Isaiah R. Clark acted as toastmaster and the speakers were Col. Olin Rev. George A. Crawford, and Col. Melvin O. Adams. Mrs. Ernestine Fish gave several contralto solos and Edwin D. Sibley some humorous readings.

Trustees of Vermont Sanatorium Meet.
The annual meeting of the trustees of the Vermont sanatorium at Pittsford was held last week. The old officers were reelected, and one new member, Charles K. Crosby of Brattleboro, was added to the board in place of Carroll S. Page. The resignation of Dr. H. C. Chadwick, who has been with the institution since its beginning, was received, to take effect March 1, when Dr. Chadwick will go to Westfield, Mass. The officers reelected were: President, F. C. Partridge; vice-president, F. G. Butterfield; secretary, Dr. W. N. Bryant of Ludlow; treasurer, A. G. Williams, Jr.; executive committee, F. C. Partridge, Miss Emily D. Proctor and Redfield Proctor, Jr., of Proctor; Dr. D. Burditt of Pittsford, Dr. C. S. Caverly of Rutland; financial committee, Olin Merrill, D. D. Burditt, Frank H. Brooks of St. Johnsbury; annual, Rev. P. J. Barrett of Burlington.

The institution has had 39 men and 69 women as patients. Seventy-six patients have been discharged and 32 are now receiving treatment.

Vermont's First House of Worship.
Subscriptions are being raised in Bennington and among members of the Congregational church in other towns in the state for a memorial to mark the site,

on Bennington Center common, of the first house of worship erected in Vermont. This church was built in 1763, and it was with its first pastor, "Parson" Jedediah Dewey, that the American soldiers, under Gen. John Stark, attended service before engaging in the battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, with the Hessians under General Baum.

The plans for the memorial granite comprise a polished granite pedestal, to be surmounted by a bronze statue of the first pastor. On three sides of the pedestal will be bronze tablets. One will contain the names of those who took part in the first church organization, another a list of the names of those who officiated in the position of pastor, and the third a bas-relief of the original structure.

Revival Meetings in Boston.
The Chapman-Alexander revival meetings in Greater Boston began Tuesday evening, January 26, and will run continuously, excepting Saturdays, until after February 21. Simultaneous meetings will be held each evening in 25 churches throughout Greater Boston.

Messrs. Chapman and Alexander will have the assistance of over 60 evangelists, chorus leaders and revival organizers, who come from all parts of the world to aid in the moral and religious awakening of the city. A complete organization of the ministers and laymen in the district interested in the work has been perfected. You will want an account of these meetings, in order to know what is being done by these world-wide evangelists. It will be interesting in after years to have an authentic account of the great Boston revival. Perhaps you have a relative or friend far distant who would be interested in having a record of the efforts of the workers in this signal moral awakening of the city. No better way to get such information is to be had than in subscribing for the Boston Evening Transcript for the time covering the revival. A SPECIAL REDUCED rate has been arranged. We shall be pleased to mail the Transcript from January 26 to February 23 for 60 cents, postpaid. This is less than the regular subscription price and will be good only for the Transcript between the dates mentioned. Send today.

Medal of Honor.
William M. C. Howard of Woodstock, formerly sergeant in the United States army, has received a medal of honor awarded by congress for distinguished service in the Philippine war. The medal is of bronze, bearing on one side the words, "Philippine Insurrection, 1899," and on the other, "United States Army. For Service." The special service for which Sgt. Howard was singled out during the capture of the town of Tioque, province of Negros, when he carried dispatches from Gen. Young to Gen. Lawton, executing his duty in the face of many perils and difficulties, swimming the swollen Rio Grande in accomplishing it. The medal was awarded on the recommendation of his commanding officers, who said that Sergeant Howard performed an act of exceptional bravery and of untold value to the army.

In Honor of Congressman Plumley.
Hon. Carroll S. Page, United States senator from Vermont, gave a dinner at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, in honor of Hon. Frank Plumley, member of Congress-elect from Vermont. Frank E. Howe, the messenger who carried Vermont's electoral vote to Washington, and Gen. Butterfield were present. The other guests present were Hon. William P. Dillingham, United States senator from Vermont, Hon. Kittredge Haskins and Hon. David J. Foster, representatives from Vermont, Judge C. H. Robb, Hon. E. C. Ide, Hon. Charles A. Prouty, Hon. John C. Scofield of the war department, Col. Myron M. Parker, John W. Titcomb, and S. C. Neale. It was evidently a genuine Vermont dinner, and it goes without saying that it was a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Barton Fair 25c Next Year.
At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Orleans County Fair association, Barton, the association voted to make the admission price 25 cents as formerly. For two years past the price has been 50 cents and the crowds have been fairly satisfactory but owing to the great cry of the people over the 50 cent rate the association voted reduced price. The great argument used by all the people was the Sherbrooke price, so the management have decided to conform with their price and rules, making the general price 25c and 15c for children. There will be no family tickets and no checks given at the gate, as at Sherbrooke.

Illness Perhaps Served Life.
That a present disappointment may disclose itself in the future to have been a benefit is evidenced in the recent development of Mrs. Donald Sage Mackay, formerly of St. Albans. Mrs. Mackay, having determined to pass the remainder of the winter in Italy, had engaged passage on the White Star steamer Republic. On account of illness, Mrs. Mackay was unable to take passage on the vessel. The Republic was but started on her way when she was dealt a death blow by being rammed by the steamer Florida of the Lloyds-Italiano line and within 12 hours sank. Mrs. Mackay's staterooms were exactly at the point of collision.

Melodrama at Barre.
Mrs. Biancha Adams about 30 years old attempted suicide at Barre Jan. 27 by swallowing a half ounce of laudanum. Groans were heard by other people in the building and a woman administered an emetic while another ran for a doctor. Prompt action probably saved her life. The cause is said to have been despondency because her husband secured a divorce three years ago and recently it is said she had been infatuated with a young man who did not reciprocate her affection. It is said that she had a picture of this man in her hand when found. A bouquet of flowers was strewn around on her bed.

Pilgrimage at Time of Tercentenary.
An Albany, N. Y., dispatch says that a pilgrimage of the Roman Catholic diocesan and parochial organization in the adjacent territory will be made next July to St. Ann's chapel on Isle La Motte. The pilgrimage will be in connection with the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain. Isle La Motte is the site of the first chapel and scene of the first mass said in the northern section of the United States. The site has been in possession of the diocese of Burlington since 1892.

Mrs. George Maker, of Barre, was preparing dinner on gas stove and stood for a moment with her back to the blaze enjoying its warmth. She was so near that her apron strings caught fire and

then her dress and Mrs. Maker began to feel so much heat that she stepped forward. Finding the heat followed and became more intense, Mrs. Baker glanced around and discovered her alarming plight. With great presence of mind she ran to the sink and seizing a basin of water dashed its contents over her back. The back breadth of her dress was ruined but the flames did not reach her body.

A Lincoln dinner to be held at the Putnam house, Bennington, on Feb. 12, is being planned. It is the desire of those behind the movement to secure about 125 names of people who will agree to give \$1 towards the cost of the banquet, the purpose of which is to celebrate the day in a befitting manner and promote fellowship among Bennington people.

The 21st annual banquet of the Norwich Alumni Association of Boston will be held at the Boston City Club on Friday evening, Feb. 19. Members of the faculty, prominent alumni and the quartette from the University Glee Club will attend.

An Awkward Player.
In 1908 King Jam-Jam published his famous "Book of Sports" and, thinking to render the present uncertain form of worship less rigid, stated that certain of the sports therein commended should be played in the several churches every Sunday at the close of divine service. John Ross, a minister of Blairgowrie, adopted a novel method of withstanding the royal ordinance. He was a strong, athletic man and seemed much interested in the recreations enjoyed by the monarch. Football was selected by the parishioners of Blairgowrie from the list of "Sunday games." When the services of the church were completed Mr. Ross appeared among his people in the churchyard and joined them in their sport. None of the assemblage kicked more eagerly at the football than did the reverend incumbent. But constant misfortune seemed to attend him. Every kick missed the ball and fell heavily on the ankles of those who stood near. Apologies were promptly tendered and, of course, received, though every Sunday many of the parishioners returned home halting. Finally it was agreed that on account of the minister's awkwardness the games should be abandoned. Thus the ingenious divine gained his end and prevented compliance with the obnoxious order.

Where Greek Met Greek.
The marble clock in the dining room had just announced in mellow tones the hour of 3 a. m., when the wife of the plumber nudged him and whispered nervously:

"Horace, there's a burglar in the house!"

"There is, hey?" answered the husband, now thoroughly awake. "I'll see about him."

With cunning stealth he got out of bed and tiptoed out of the room. For ten minutes no sound broke the awful stillness. Then the house shook with a crash. There was a century of silence. Then a chair fell, the front door slammed and a heavy bundle thumped down the front stairs and into the street.

The terrified wife fainted, to be brought back to consciousness by the voice of her husband.

"It's all right, dear. I threw him out," he chuckled as he turned on the light. "But the scoundrel had only \$4.30 in his clothes."—Judge.

How Mayne Reid Won His Bride.
It was through his novel, "The Scalp Hunters," that Captain Mayne Reid won a bride. He was thirty years old when he met a damsel of thirteen, with whom he at once fell in love. The child took no notice of him, but he gave her the story to read. Two years later the young lady was at a public meeting where Captain Reid spoke on behalf of the Polish refugees. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me as he entered the room," she said afterward, and when the meeting was over she went up to him. "I leave for London on the next train," he said hurriedly. "Please send me your address." "I do not know where," she replied, with some embarrassment. He instantly handed out his card and was gone. A formal little note followed: "Dear Captain Reid—As you asked me to send you my address, I do so." By return of post came the answer, "Only say that you love me and I will be with you at once," and then the reply. "I think I do love you."

Frenzied Financing.
Columbus Washington Johnson Smith—"What's de price er dem watermelons, Mr. Jackson?"

Mr. Jackson (cunningly)—Ten cents erpiece and I picks 'em; 20 cents erpiece and you picks 'em, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith—All right, Mr. Jackson. I guesses I'll take 'em all, and you picks 'em, ef you please!—Puck.

Ricker's Local Market.
The receipts at W. A. Ricker's market for the week ending Feb. 1 were:

Poultry, 9 to 10 cents.
Lamb, 20 to 3 to 6 cents.
Hogs, 50 to 5 to 6 cents.
Cattle, 85 to 3 to 4 cents.
Calves, 125 to 3 to 6 cents.
Milch Cows, \$25 to \$45.
Hogs and Veal firm. Beef shade lower.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cents.

Write for free literature. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Converting Gwendolyn.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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At twenty Gwendolyn Rand was undeniably a personality to be reckoned with.

"I don't see where you get such ways, Gwendolyn," complained her mother. "Why, at your age!"

"Yes, indeed," corroborated Mr. Rand, "at your age, Gwendolyn, your mother had settled down—she wasn't running around after all the young men in the neighborhood."

"Oh, daddy," remonstrated Gwendolyn. "I think you might be a little more gallant."

"Well, well, the young men weren't all running after her, then," amended Mr. Rand, softening at the hurt look in Gwendolyn's big brown eyes. "But it doesn't look well either way. I can't understand where—"

"Mother was brought up in a convent, you remember. I'm the product of education," ventured Gwendolyn in explanation.

"H'm," reflected Mr. Rand. "That may be the reason, but the remedy is your Aunt Abitha."

Gwendolyn gave a little gasp of apprehension.

"Yes, my dear," continued Mr. Rand, "your mother and I have decided to send you down to Florida to spend the winter with your Aunt Abitha."

"She will teach you the things a girl of your age ought to know, daughter," added Gwendolyn's mother dolefully, "things which I have somehow failed to make you take an interest in."

"In other words, I'm to be sent to a convent," exclaimed Gwendolyn as she swished out of the room, her head high in air, but her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Aunt Abitha's spacious, old-fashioned house merited kinder verdict than Gwendolyn bestowed upon it at first glance. Once up in her cozy bedroom, however, with its chintz covered four poster and French windows opening out on to a little rose covered porch, the girl's heart melted in spite of herself, and she threw both arms around Aunt Abitha, completely submissive for the time being.

But after the novelty of dusting, sewing and cooking began to resolve itself into routine Gwendolyn suddenly balked.

"Now I know how to do all these prosaic things, Aunt Abitha," she argued, "what's the use of doing them day after day? There are so many real live things to do in the world. Let's give a garden party or something, Aunt Abitha. Are there any male inhabitants in Centerville that we could hire to come, do you think?"

"Gwendolyn, my dear, how you talk! Of course there are. Aunt Abitha was startled into admitting, "There's young Jack Hayward for one."

"What's he like?"

"Very thoughtful and polite," replied Aunt Abitha loyally. "He comes of one of our best families."

"Poor thing!" muttered Gwendolyn. "What did you say, dear?"

"I asked what he does for a living?" prevaricated Gwendolyn unblushingly. "Why, he manages his father's estate, of course. He's a country gentleman."

"Oh," commented Gwendolyn indifferently, "he must be a very provincial kind of person! I don't think I should like him."

"Well, of all things, Gwendolyn!" bristled Aunt Abitha. "Of course you'd like him. Every one does. I'll ask him to call."

An afternoon or two later as Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock on her little porch engrossed in a novel she became suddenly conscious that the front doorbell had been ringing for some time. On the veranda below she could hear Aunt Abitha rocking to and fro.

"The front doorbell's ringing, Aunt Abitha," she called, jumping up. "If it's that 'polite and thoughtful young country gentleman,' please don't disturb me. I'm in the midst of an awfully exciting love story."

A hearty masculine laugh followed Gwendolyn's declaration.

It aroused her curiosity, but also her indignation, and she re-established herself in the hammock, determined not to display the slightest interest, whatever happened.

But the next thing she heard startled her into a sitting posture.

"Now, Aunt Abitha, will you introduce us?"

Gwendolyn, walking to the rail of the porch, could hardly believe her eyes. There, on the roof of the veranda, not ten feet away from her, sat an extremely good looking young man. And there on the lawn stood Aunt Abitha, the picture of dismay and disapproval.

"Gwendolyn," she called up, "this is Mr. Hayward. Jack, my niece, Miss Rand. I never saw such goings on in my life. Go right into your room, Gwendolyn!"

Gwendolyn did not budge. She only laughed and laughed, until Aunt Abitha finally joined in.

But such a triangular situation was not over encouraging, especially since Aunt Abitha refused to leave her angle of observation, so eventually they all adjourned to the downstairs veranda for afternoon tea.

"So you're a climber, Mr. Hayward?" Gwendolyn observed archly, taking advantage of Aunt Abitha's absence in the kitchen.

"Given sufficient incentive—yes," Jack answered lightly. "I couldn't

stand down there below, you know, and let a fellow in a book get ahead of me."

"Get ahead of you?"

"Well, absorb your interest to the exclusion of a real human being," explained Jack.

"You took an awful risk," laughed Gwendolyn.

"Oh, that was nothing," Jack boasted. "I'm used to all sorts of athletic stunts, you know."

"That isn't the kind of risk I meant exactly," Gwendolyn enlightened him. "Well, how did you like him?" beamed Aunt Abitha after the caller's departure.

"Not very well," said Gwendolyn, shaking her head dubiously. "He's so bold and conceited."

"But, my dear," hastily interposed Aunt Abitha. "You mustn't judge him from first appearances. Jack was a little queer today. I don't know what was the matter with him. But we'll have him in often, and you must be polite to him, Gwendolyn."

And that was how a most audacious courtship came to be carried on right under Aunt Abitha's eyes.

"Gwendolyn," asked Jack dreamily one sunny morning as they sat together in the fragrant rose garden, "how did you ever happen to come down to this quiet little spot anyhow? I should imagine you'd love all the gay things of life—dances, theaters, dinners and all that, you know. Don't you?"

"No, you're all wrong," answered Gwendolyn slowly, hiding her face in the flowers she had gathered. "I love something quite different."

For a few minutes the birds in the garden had it all to themselves, so suddenly still were the two people who sat there.

"Gwendolyn," Jack finally found himself asking in a husky voice quite unlike his own, "do you really love it down here—the quiet, lazy life we lead?"

Gwendolyn nodded, but did not lift her face.

"Love it enough to stay with me, dearest?"

Gwendolyn nodded again.

"Look up at me, you fraud," Jack commanded, taking her joyfully into his arms.

"I can't," Gwendolyn protested, blinking. "There's something in my eye."

"Oh, let me get it out, sweetheart," implored Jack sympathetically. "What if it, darling?"

"A tear, I think," confessed the mischievous Gwendolyn.

Half an hour later Jack sat talking with Aunt Abitha on the porch. Gwendolyn was scribbling her daily line to her mother.

"Read that, Aunt Abitha," the girl called suddenly, holding out a sheet of note paper. "It has something about you in it."

And this is what the astonished Aunt Abitha read:

Dearest Mother and Dad—I want you to come down here just as quickly as you can. I am to be married at Aunt Abitha's two weeks from today. The wedding will be very quiet. Aunt Abitha fully approves of my engagement—in fact, she has done everything in her power to bring it about. Please bring my trousseau along with you. Your loving daughter.

P. S.—His name is Jack Montgomery Hayward, and he's just as nice as his name. I can cook and sew and dust. G.

He Liked the Sound.
Mr. Goff has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half amused, half indulgent manner sometimes very annoying to his friends. One day when in town he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called to the waitress and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apple pie, cherry pie, mince pie, blueberry pie, custard pie, peach pie, strawberry shortcake," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake," she concluded, with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more?" he said.

The waitress locked her disgust and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked when she had finished. "For the life of me I can't see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting, very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."—Youth's Companion.

A Noiseless City in Friesland.
Fancy a city of 35,000 inhabitants, guileless of street cars and omnibuses (the steam train line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town), easily encompassed in an hour, for its singlet, its old moat which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without greasiness or confusion, save upon market days, and clean, quiet streets, lined by low houses with shining windows, peopled by rosy cheeked serving women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave faced citizens. Send red satined boots to its very heart until masts are jumbled with electric light poles and church towers; plant densely foliated trees beside its quays and a few iron railed flower beds in its open squares; give it a water glide thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand ferries—and you will see Leenwarden.—Scribner's Magazine.

He Knew Them.
"Things have gone completely to the dogs with me."

"Cheer up. They might have been worse."

"Don't you believe it."

"Why?"

"Because then they would have been."

Business Directory.

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